Numb. 6

The English LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Discoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Passages, and Remarkable Transactions in *Town* and *Country*: With Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From Wednesday February the 9th. to Valentine's day, 1698.

Cornhill, Feb. 11.

TWo Brisk Sparks, 'Prentices to a famous Linnen-Draper, near *Gresham's* Royal Walls, fearful of *over heating* their *Rustling Poles* in the *Oven* of *Iniquity*, and yet willing to *revel* in the *Tents* of *Love*, concluded betwixt 'em to hire a Beautiful *Lais* for their own proper *Occupation*; accordingly, a plump *Lancashire*-siz'd Damsel (lately ariv'd from *Buckinghamshire*) was pitch'd upon, and a Contract made for the annual Stipend of *thirty good Pounds*, which was piece-meal to be rack'd from their *Morning* and *Evening Draughts*. Pursuant to all this, little less than a *Rosamonds Bower*, was fram'd to fence the fair Captive (for now she must so be) against all Vulgar *Attacks* and *Batteries*. She was not to *walk forth* without their *Approbation*, nor they to *Cultivate her Soyl* more than each their Night interchangeably; of which a fair *Signal* was to be made. The *Girl* received her *Earnest Penny*, which was one half, viz: *Fifteen pounds* down, and indeed for it the first Night *Sweetly caress'd* the Spark who by *fortunate Lot* was to take *possession*, at Bed time Hour, (for he durst stay no longer) he parted from his *Dalilah*; and, coming home, acquainted his *Swagar-Brother* that they had got a very Jolly *Penny Worth*, for the *Lass* was all *Love* and *Charms*; which made the other *Spark*, very uneasy till the happy *Assignation minute* came, in which he thought to *revel* in all the *Delights* of *Love*: But, poor Lad! instead of a *Sweet Mistress*, Cramm'd into the Key-hole of the Door, like a Lawyer's Dinner Ticket, he found this *Blunt* and *Sour Satyr*.

For your small pence *I'll never* live *in* Jayl,
Go seek a Trull *that can* divide *her* Tail.
One half *I've* pleas'd, *and I* one half *am* paid,
Rest will content *ere* publick Scoffs *you're made*

By a Letter sent to our Office Feb. 7th. *we receiv'd the following Advice*? A Topp-heavy, Joulter-headed Blade, that carries more Sale on His Head, than he hath Ballast in his Body to Counterpoize it with, warmly (but with very rough Spun, Complements) made *Love* to the Daughter of a very Rich Tub-Thumper, one indeed, to outward Appearance, truly *Angelical*, but she not approving the Tony's Acquirements with a *Earthly Voice*, in a scornful way, told him he was a *Weather-Headed Fellow*, which was took in such evil part, that in her own fine starch'd Language he made this Reply, *Friend, he that made this Head, will not learn to make Heads of thee*, withall after a little pause adding, *I have a little Mony*, right Quoth the Demure Lady, Scoffingly impeding his Discourse: *Nay*, quoth he, *interrupt me not, I say, I have a little Money that will make amends for the Want of Brains; yea and such mony too as is the very Cream of the Cash.* This gilded Rhetorick made such a deep Impression on her seeming Sanctities Adamantine Heart, that forthwith she chang'd her note to, *may it please your Worship.* By which we learn, gold is the most perswading Rhetorick, and therefore advize all puny Batchelors rather to line their Fobbs with Guinies, than their noddles with refined Compliments, tho of the newest Academy So true is the old Disticks.

This mighty Monarch, *Money*, to us sends
Fair Wives, great Portions, Reputation, Friends.
This, makes us *Noble*, tho' our *Births* be Base
And gives our *Persons Comliness*, and *Grace.*

Paul's-Wharf, Feb. 10, A well-set Fellow of very good natural parts, having a broad back and stocky leg, with all the symptoms of Virility, finding how many new Opinions are daily tapp'd in the World, by such as carry on their interest and designs under pretence of Conscience and Religion; and yet not having invention enough to think of any New Fangle that might take with the people, for the sake of a little advantage, he furnish'd up an old antiquated Opinion, and turn'd *Adamite*; away he run with it from this place to his own Habitation, and, 'tis true, he had a great many followers, but they were all of the *Masculine-Gender*, The Women, those zealous Bavins, that kindle Schism in a Nation, they shun'd him, one Lady claps on her Vizor-Masque, another holds her hands before her eyes, and through her Fingers takes the satisfaction she pretends to deny herself; but an eminent *Muggletonian* meeting with this uncouth kind of Innovator, about *Alders-gate*, concludes him an Impostor, damns him to the pit of Hell, and swearing bloodily that he could be no other than the second Edition of *Naked Truth*, he gave him, beside the Lash of his Tongue, a good swinging Strappado over the blind Cheeks; and desired him in the next Edition to correct the Errata he had

imprinted